

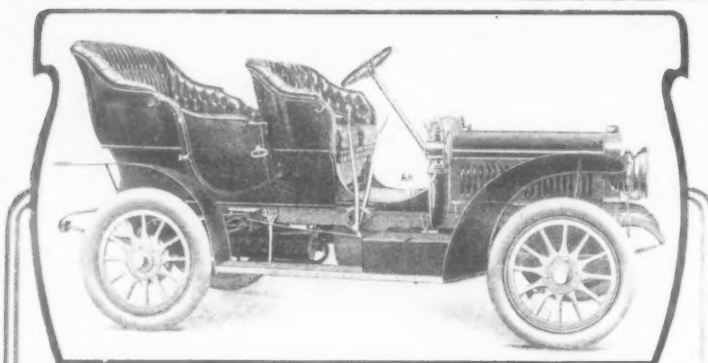
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J. J. RAY





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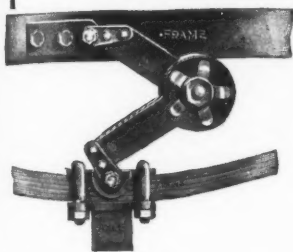
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'T WAS HASTY AND FOOLISH TO DOUSSEAU,
FOR THE MAN SHE WOULD WED
HAS GONE CLEAN OFF HIS HEAD.
THAT'S WHY THE POOR MAIDEN BOO-HOOSSEAU.

Stoddard-Dayton

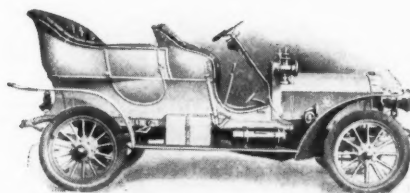
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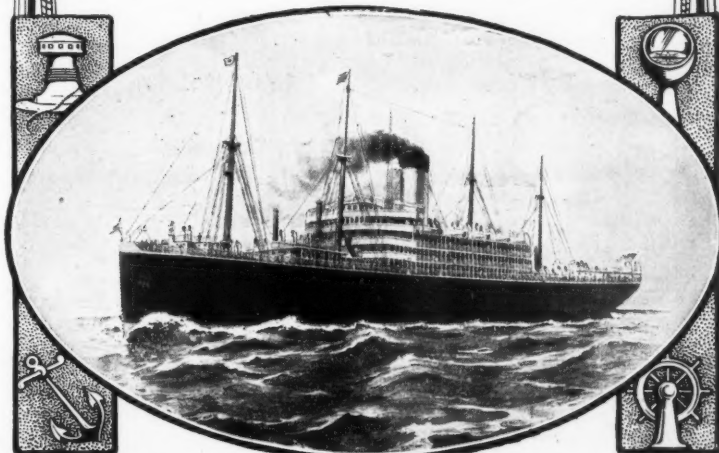
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FRANK X. SCHOONMAKER, who for many years was the foreign editor of The Associated Press, and who is now a resident of Cincinnati, is noted as an authority on the Chinese question. He finds the different mental processes of the Occidental and Chinese to constitute one of the chief obstacles to intercourse between them.

In illustration of the difference in methods of argument he says that he was once ex-

pounding the Commandments to a Chinaman of intelligence, the latter bringing forth every objection to them that occurred to him. The fifth, "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc., was reached, and the Chinaman said: "But isn't every normal and ordinary child predisposed to honor his father and his mother?"

"Why, yes, he is," said Mr. Schoonmaker.

"Then," asked the Chinaman, "why urge him to do what he is naturally disposed to do



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anyway? He may argue that there may be some reason why he should not."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

BROWN: Yes; they say that everything Smith earns goes on his wife's back.

JONES (glancing at Mrs. Smith, whose dress is very décolleté): Well, evidently he does not earn much.—The Tatler.

Do you know what these Egyptian characters mean?

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Neither perhaps do you know what a perfect Egyptian cigarette means.

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One Objector.

"TOMMY, why are you not at your sister's wedding?"

"'Cause she's marryin' the wrong man, an' I told 'em I'd sing right out an' tell the preacher so."

"What is the matter with the young man?"

"He yanked me out from under the sofa once an' spanked me!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE, in conversation with a group of young disciples, desired to illustrate the quality of adroitness.

"By means of adroitness," he said, "a young equerry of the Caliph Caid sprang in one bound to the important post of keeper of the privy purse."

"The caliph sat on a divan, drinking coffee and smoking a narghile, and his courtiers surrounded him."

"Suddenly, with a queer frown, he said:

"Whom do you regard as the greater man, my father or me?"

"The vizier, the cad and the white bearded councillors were silent, puzzled, unable to think of an answer that would not imperil their places, and even their heads."

"But the adroit young equerry stepped easily into the breach."

"What was the question, sire?" he asked.

"Which is the greater man, my father or I?" repeated the caliph.

"Your father, sire," the equerry answered; "for though you are your father's equal in all other respects, he is your superior in this—he had a greater son than any you have."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

A ST. LOUIS dispatch to the New York *World* tells of a stork party given in that city by Mrs. Charles P. Jones to her daughter, Mrs. Maurice V. Joyce, at the palatial Jones residence last week. No function in recent years has attracted anything like the attention of this dainty luncheon, which had, all told, only a dozen guests.

Mrs. Joyce and seven former schoolgirl friends were the guests of honor. All of them have been married within the last two years. Five of them are expecting a visit of the stork.

The invitations bidding the guests to luncheon were hand-painted, with a large stork, but this was only a gentle hint of what was coming. In the corners of the reception room stood large storks, while wings of the mighty Dutch bird stretched from every mantel and fluttered from every hanging.

A huge rattle summoned the guests to the luncheon table. In the dining-room the stork trimmings outdid everything else in the house. A cradle occupied the center of the table. In it was an imitation baby in swaddling clothes, and watching over it was a big stork. The favors were paper cribs, over which storks, with doll babies in their bills, hovered as if they were about to place them there. The napkins were folded and pinned with safety pins.

A STONE Jug of YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE and a Dozen Oysters make the best of luncheons.—*Adv.*



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KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
TIRE

The man who carefully considers the appointment of his equipage, the action of his horse, the mountings of his harness, the livery of his men and the trim of his carriage, cannot be indifferent to the merits of a tire as perfect as the Kelly-Springfield Tire. The makers of the smartest turnouts would not use them unless they were the best.

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Health is the first consideration. Rubber heels procure more health to the square inch than anything in evidence. That's a fact!—my teacher told me so, and he told me to teach it to my friends.

I dislike to admit that rubber heels are a benefit, but I have to. Come down to business and be honest with yourself,—rubber on your heels is the correct thing. Be sure and secure O'Sullivan's: they are the only heels of New Rubber. Remember the name when ordering—don't cost you any more.

Any dealer or the makers,
O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., • Lowell, Mass

**The
Only Point**

of similarity between Rip Van Winkle and D. & J. McCallum's "Perfection" Scotch Whisky is that Rip laid asleep in the woods for 20 years while "Perfection" lays asleep in the wood for 20 years before being bottled.

This, combined with its absolute purity, accounts for its really rare and delicious flavor and its liqueur-like mellowness.

The gentleman's whisky par excellence.

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(for eating) has furnished a delicacy and a food in one luscious combination as distinct from ordinary eating chocolate as the Alps are from foot-hills. There's no describing the taste, yet the tongue can tell it. It has the smooth, rich, full-cream flavor which Swiss milk gives when combined with pure chocolate as only D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland, blends it. The proof is in the eating.

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Bookings now making for either house at Pocantico Lodge, Briarcliff Home Office, or New York Office, Windsor Avenue, 5th Avenue and 46th St., where E. S. Comstock is in daily attendance from 9.30 to 1.30.

Brought the Howl to Court.

PROFESSIONALLY, Doctor Digges and Doctor Dunton were rivals; personally, they were the best of friends, until Doctor Dunton acquired a large-voiced Newfoundland dog which had the habit of singing to the moon. Doctor Dunton was fond of the dog and Doctor Digges was not. Swiftly a chasm widened between them, into which fell the neighboring families—for the two doctors dwelt beside each other. At last the offended Digges haled Dunton and his dog into court on a charge of maintaining and being a nuisance, and two legal brothers undertook to thresh the matter out before the court.

"How much noise does the dog make?" was the incessant question each asked of the witnesses.

"As much as a steam-whistle," said the witnesses for the complainant.

"No more than a singing canary," asserted those for the defendant.

"He would wake the dead," said one.

"He wouldn't disturb a sleeping baby," said the other. The amount of noise seemed to depend upon one's nearness to the dog, ability to sleep through a Fourth of July celebration, and friendliness to one or the other of the doctors.

On the second day of the hearing, however, the lawyer for Doctor Digges came into court bearing a bulky burden, which he deposited upon a table, and unwrapping, disclosed a phonograph and an enormous megaphone.

"May it please the court," he said, "I have here the voice of the dog in question. To settle the dispute as to the quality of his tone, I have caught and fixed it upon a cylinder which will now reproduce it for the pleasure of the court."

"I object!" shouted the lawyer for the defense. "May it please your honor, there is nothing to show this is the voice of my client's dog, nothing to show that this machine is not adapted for magnifying many fold the voice which it contains. In short, this may well be a trick to deceive the jury into rendering a verdict adverse to my client."

Long and excitedly the two lawyers argued the point, and at last the judge ruled out the evidence. The lawyer who had brought it, and who had, during the argument, attached the big megaphone to the machine, called a porter and handed them to him. The porter started away with the burden, but as he did so the hand of the lawyer "inadvertently" touched a spring. Instantly the cylinder began to whirl, and before the porter could get away or the bailiff could interfere the voice of the dog came forth—pleadingly, waxing louder, dying away, now legato, now staccato, now low and mournful, now coming in short, decisive yelps. The bailiff flew across the room to stop the turmoil, but just as the porter reached the door the voice of the defendant, Doctor Dunton himself, came out of the megaphone, vainly mingling with the howl of the dog:

"There, there, Rover, that's a good dog. Keep still now, Rover, there's a nice dog."

"I submit my case without argument," said the attorney for the complainant when the porter had gone, and the jury found for him.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Question.

CASEY: Finnegan has been married foive years, but sorra the chick or child has he got.

CASSIDY: Thru for ye. I wonder is that hereditary in his family or hers.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Monuments of Title.

DURING the early construction period of the Wachusett reservoir in the towns of Clinton, Boylston and West Boylston, the property owners, mostly farmers, protested quite earnestly against the right of the metropolitan water-board to take their lands by "eminent domain," a power they never before heard of.

One day during this period of agitation, a minister driving through the Nashua valley, the future site of the reservoir, came to a hill where a fine view of the surrounding country could be had. Daniel Carville, a farmer, who for seventy years had lived in that region, suspecting that the occupant of the carriage was an official who was looking over his premises for the purpose of seizing it later by "eminent domain," walked up to the carriage with an inquiring look.

he minister, putting his head out, in a pleasant tone inquired if he owned "this beautiful hill."

Carville, desiring to impress the supposed agent of the water-board with his idea of ownership, replied: "Yes, every foot of it right straight down to hell."—*The Green Bag.*

How to Warm Slippers.

"YOUNG WIFE" writes: "I am very fond of reading advice to newly married folk. Recently I saw a hint that every husband is gratified if he finds his slippers ready warmed for him when he comes home of an evening. Please advise me as to the proper way to warm slippers."

Go to the cellar and get a hod of coal. You should have a slow fire going in the kitchen range during the afternoon. Rake the coals down to a level bed and pour in the hod of coal and open the drafts. When the stove-pipe shows red to the ceiling, and the top of the range is a cream yellow, and is so hot that a drop of water will evaporate when within two inches of the surface, close the damper and wait until the range cools down to 365 deg. Fahrenheit. If you have no thermometer, borrow one from the neighbor. (It is a small courtesy, but one that will be appreciated, if you suggest to your neighbor to bring her husband's slippers over and warm them on your range.) Put the slippers in the oven, close the door and go through the house, singing merrily to yourself. From time to time look at the slippers, turning them occasionally so that the heat may reach all sides of them. They are well warmed when the toes begin to curl. When this occurs, place them on the back of the range, covering them with a boiler lid. This will retain the heat. When you hear your husband coming up the steps, take up the slippers on a toasting fork and carry them to his den. Some practical housewives garnish with parsley, but this is a matter of choice.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

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The family will tire of even the best steaks and chops if you give them too many of them. Vary your daily menu by daintily-made dishes that are both appetizing and wholesome.

Beech-Nut Sliced Beef

gives you the opportunity. It has the nourishing element of beef, and a flavor peculiar to itself. It comes daintily sliced, in glass, for instant and quick use. It gives a new sensation to grown-up appetites, and is a perfect dish for children.

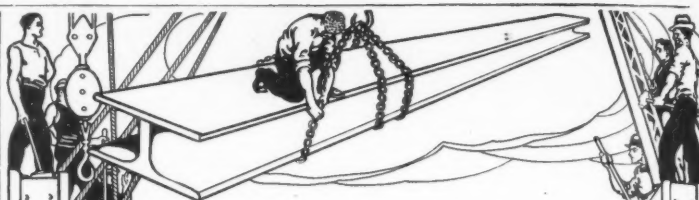
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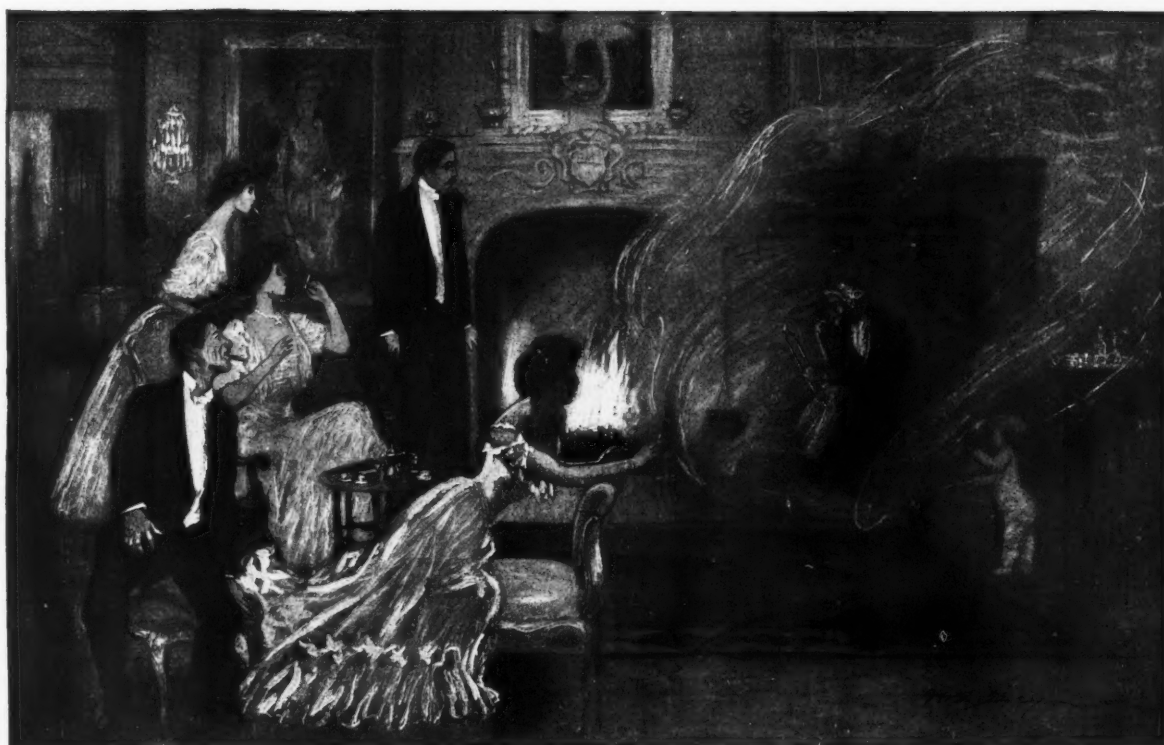
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LIFE



Life (the Magician): WHY SHOULDN'T YOU SMOKE, MY DEARS? THERE IS A PRECEDENT WHICH PERHAPS YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN. GIRLS, YOUR GRANDMOTHER!

A Reminder.

LIVES of Grafters all remind us
What a snap it is to be
Born without a sense of honor,
Morals or plain decency.

Are the Magazines Worth Hauling?



WORD comes from Washington that the Post Office Department is grieved at the cost of carrying the magazines and weekly papers, and wants to charge them higher rates for postage. They now pay the newspaper rate of one cent a pound, but the Department complains that they travel much farther than

newspapers; so far, indeed, that the cost of moving some of them through the mails is greater than their whole cost of publication. The Department sadly observes that the magazines are bigger than they used to be, and that there are more of them, and that their birth-rate greatly exceeds their death-rate.

This is a pretty grievous complaint, but any time the Government gets tired of handling the ten-cent magazines, the magazines will be found ready to take charge of the Government. They feel fully competent to undertake the job, and, indeed, would probably find it easier to put their own men in and run things as they should be run, than to bully-rag the persons now in charge into a proper discharge of their duties.

Is He the Light Verse Champion?

WE offer for the consideration of the thoughtful the suggestion that Mr. Owen Seaman, the new editor of *Punch*, is the best writer of light verse now in commission. In weighing this suggestion there should be considered the steadiness of Mr. Seaman's gait, and the exceptionally even quality of his performance. There may be better sprinters than he in the light verse field, but who is there that can go round the course more times in a better fashion in a given twelvemonth?

A GOOD drawing card—one that fills a four flush.

A STRAIGHT and narrow path—the tight-wire performer's.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. MARCH 15, 1906. No. 1220.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON,

that greatest living ornament of philosophic journalism, agrees with LIFE that Colonel Roosevelt cannot and will not run again for President, but dissents with a whole battery of powerful reasons, from the suggestion that he may find in the Senate a suitable post-presidential field of action. The proper job for him as an ex-President, Colonel Watterson thinks, is to be President of Harvard College. "Lift him gently," he says, "from the Presidency of the United States to the Presidency of the University of Harvard, where he can preach ethics and write books on the art of living till the cows come home!" In this engaging labor of transplantation, Colonel Watterson begs LIFE to help, "lending its gifts of poetry and humor, whilst we [the *Courier Journal*] supply the needful wisdom and philosophy."

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You don't know those five thousand youngsters, Colonel Henry. So far from accepting Colonel Theodore (if he came to them) as the greatest man on earth (which he probably is—of his kind), they would lose sleep and sharpen their faculties discussing, re-discussing and disputing whether or not he was a gold brick. That is one of the things that would tend to make the job attractive to Colonel Theodore. A vigorous man would much rather climb into the scales and be weighed than be set on the shelf and admired.

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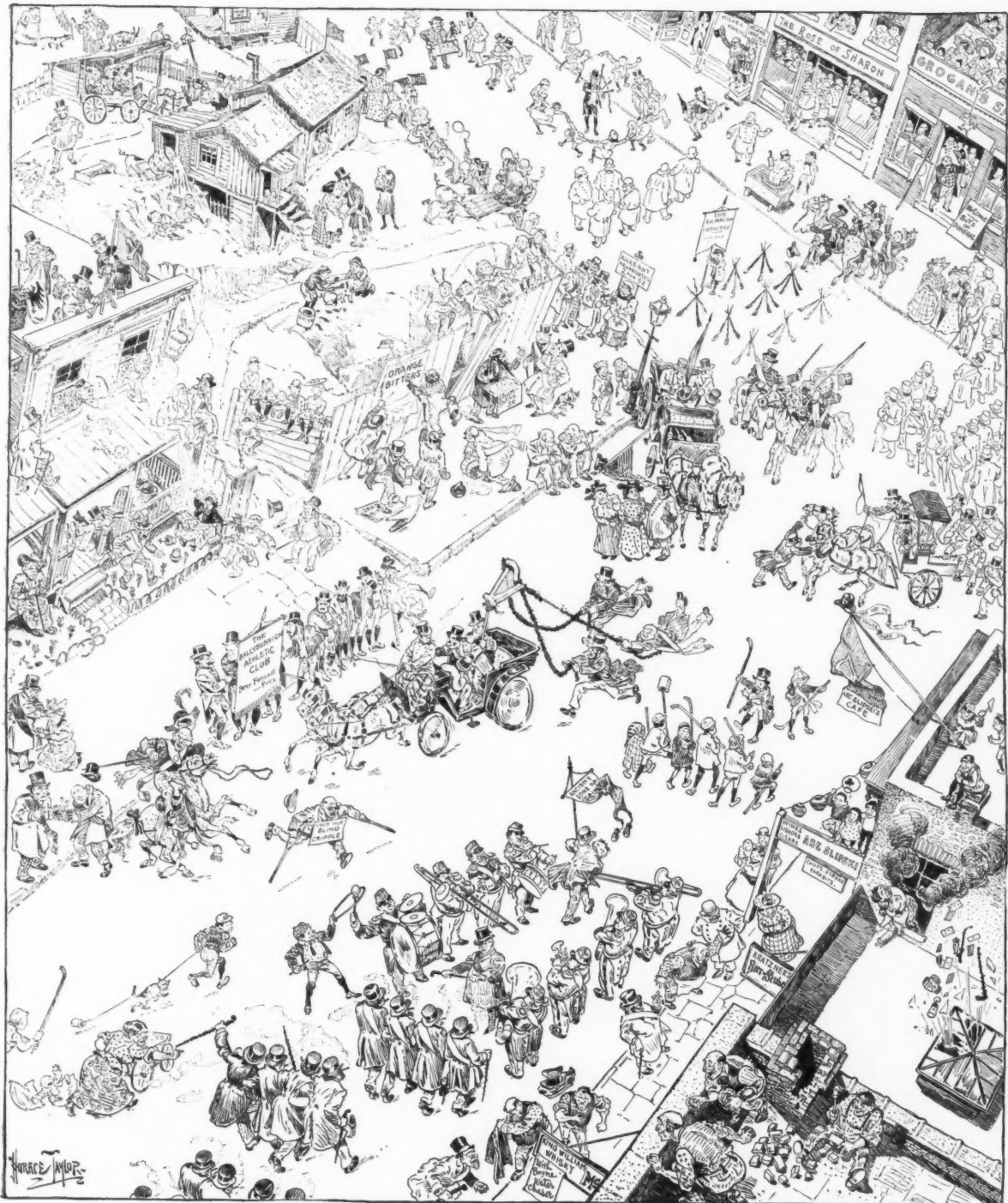


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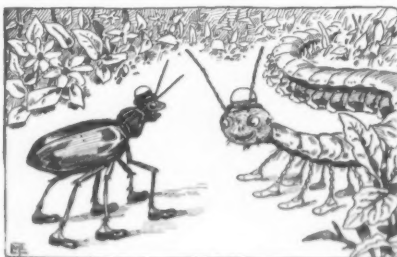
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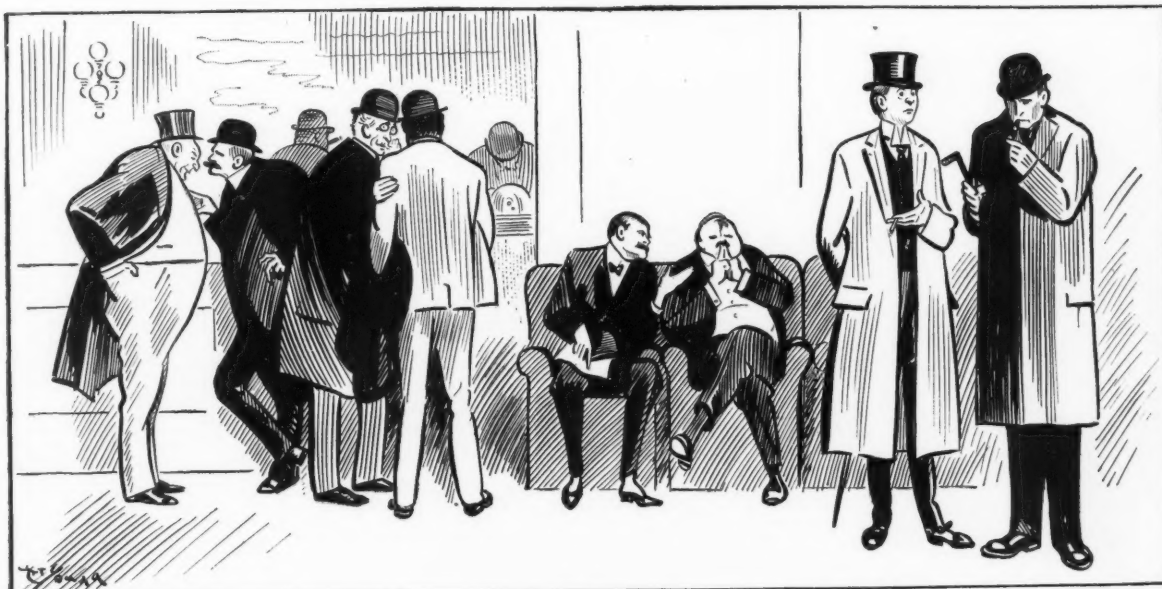
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IF she had only smiled at me
 Much hope would I have taken.
 Her eyes alone—they laughed at me—
 That's why my faith was shaken.



DEAR LIFE:

Is it really worthy of you, or worth your while, constantly to sneer at missions and missionaries? Some of your most loyal readers are wounded thereby; and it is doubtful if you really please any one. Have you read the Chinese Commissioners' tribute to missionaries in their country? Do you know that many of the greatest men of Japan attribute the awakening of that Kingdom to Christianity? and that much of the best scholarship has long been, and now is, giving itself to this cause? And that education the world over is chiefly the product of missionary labors? There are several facts worthy of your attention. You have very wide influence; not wide enough to destroy this work of Christian extension, but to impair it in the minds of many thoughtless and ignorant people. May a subscriber to LIFE almost since its beginning, and who prizes it very highly, beg that you will carefully consider whether any good and beneficent end is served by your tone toward an enterprise into which good men and women

are putting many millions of dollars annually, and in whose worth they thus attest their faith?

Respectfully,
 Tunis S. Hamlin.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14, 1906.

LIFE sincerely regrets that his views on the missionary question should differ so radically from those of his correspondent. Even had we no doubts of our religion being right and all other religions false, of our wisdom greater, our morals higher and our lives purer than those of anybody else—even then we should consider the missionary an impertinence. This is not said in willful opposition to our correspondent, but humbly, as a confession.

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"It is one of the essential qualities of greatness to be misunderstood by its opponents." You score Mrs. Wharton for writing, in "The House of Mirth," a story devoid of "sentiment, honest love and common honor." Surely no one can come away from a perusal of the book without a heightened appreciation of the beauty and value of those attributes. Even your critic, apostle of the obvious though he be, appears to have achieved so much.

Sincerely yours,
 Benjamin Howard.

ATLANTA.

Power.

FOREIGNERS, from De Tocqueville to Bryce, have been struck with the great power which the Federal patronage lodges with the President of these United States, but after all it is a serious question if there is enough of this. Have we, indeed, with all our fancied security, provided sufficient fourth-class post offices to enable the President always to make our destiny appear to Senators with such clarity as shall clinch the fulfillment of the same, regardless of the attitude of vested interests?

Well, we shall soon see.

In the present emergency the lower house of Congress, effacing itself, asking no reward but pork and per diem, franks and free seeds, and the consciousness of duty done, has passed the three great epochal bills, leaving the patronage substantially intact. The Executive knocks at the door of the Senate, figuratively speaking, with his resources all unspent. If he cannot prevail now, then never.

A TIMELY rescue—getting a watch out of pawn.

Registered
Trade Mark



Established
Half a Century

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At "THE LINEN STORE"

We direct particular attention to the following attractive fabrics for the coming season:

French Batiste Taffeta, in white and solid colors. One of the most beautiful and stylish materials of the season. Made from the very best Egyptian yarns and sold exclusively by us.

French Dress Linens in a wide assortment of solid colors.

Embroidered French Batiste, both white and in colors.

Embroidered White Linens in many different weights.

French Voiles in small checks and fancy colors. A dainty, fashionable fabric.

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James McCutcheon & Co.

14 West 23d Street

New York



VARIETY FOR THE HOME TABLE.

The family will tire of even the best steaks and chops if you give them too many of them. Vary your daily menu by daintily-made dishes that are both appetizing and wholesome.

Beech-Nut Sliced Beef

gives you the opportunity. It has the nourishing element of beef, and a flavor peculiar to itself. It comes daintily sliced, in glass, for instant and quick use. It gives a new sensation to grown-up appetites, and is a perfect dish for children.

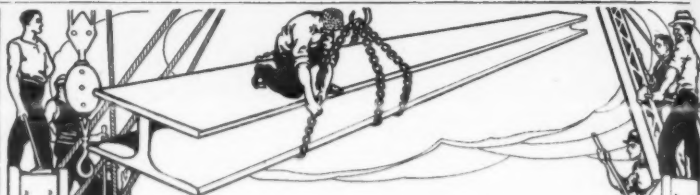
Sold by good grocers everywhere.

Cook booklet for a 2c. stamp.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY,

16 Beech-Nut Street,

Canajoharie, N. Y.



Business Buildings

are erected by riveting steel beam to steel beam. The rivets, compared to the girders they hold in place, are insignificant, but without them the modern skyscraper would be impossible. Business letters are the rivets in business building. On their effectiveness the stability of your own business depends.

Smith Premier Typewriter

reproduces your dictated ideas with a neatness that commands respect, adding force to your arguments. If you wish to build up a skyscraper business, use the Smith Premier.



THE
SMITH PREMIER
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SYRACUSE,
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J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715)



AND

FINE OLD LIQUEUR BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

Sole Agent

G. S. NICHOLAS
New York



LIFE



Life (the Magician): WHY SHOULDN'T YOU SMOKE, MY DEARS? THERE IS A PRECEDENT WHICH PERHAPS YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN. GIRLS, YOUR GRANDMOTHER!

A Reminder.

LIVES of Grafters all remind us
What a snap it is to be
Born without a sense of honor,
Morals or plain decency.

Are the Magazines Worth Hauling?



WORD comes from Washington that the Post Office Department is grieved at the cost of carrying the magazines and weekly papers, and wants to charge them higher rates for postage. They now pay the newspaper rate of one cent a pound, but the Department complains that they travel much farther than

newspapers; so far, indeed, that the cost of moving some of them through the mails is greater than their whole cost of publication. The Department sadly observes that the magazines are bigger than they used to be, and that there are more of them, and that their birth-rate greatly exceeds their death-rate.

This is a pretty grievous complaint, but any time the Government gets tired of handling the ten-cent magazines, the magazines will be found ready to take charge of the Government. They feel fully competent to undertake the job, and, indeed, would probably find it easier to put their own men in and run things as they should be run, than to bully-rag the persons now in charge into a proper discharge of their duties.

Is He the Light Verse Champion?

WE offer for the consideration of the thoughtful the suggestion that Mr. Owen Seaman, the new editor of *Punch*, is the best writer of light verse now in commission. In weighing this suggestion there should be considered the steadiness of Mr. Seaman's gait, and the exceptionally even quality of his performance. There may be better sprinters than he in the light verse field, but who is there that can go round the course more times in a better fashion in a given twelvemonth?

A GOOD drawing card—one that fills a four flush.

A STRAIGHT and narrow path—the tight-wire performer's.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. MARCH 15, 1906. No. 1220.
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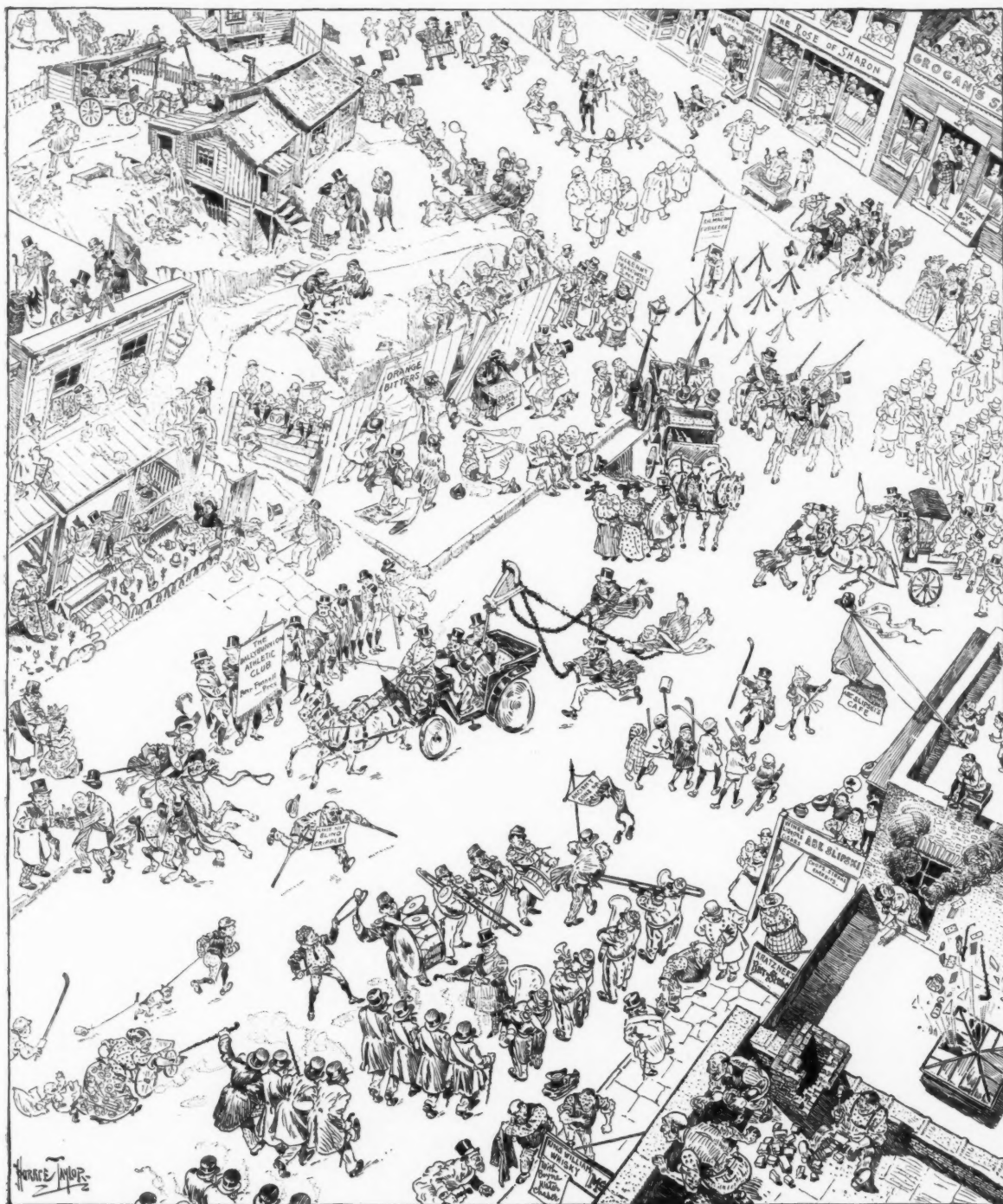


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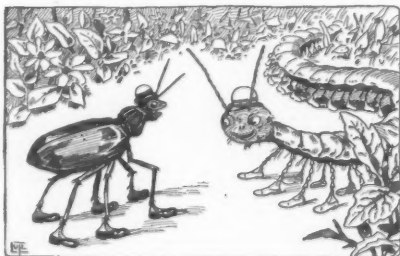
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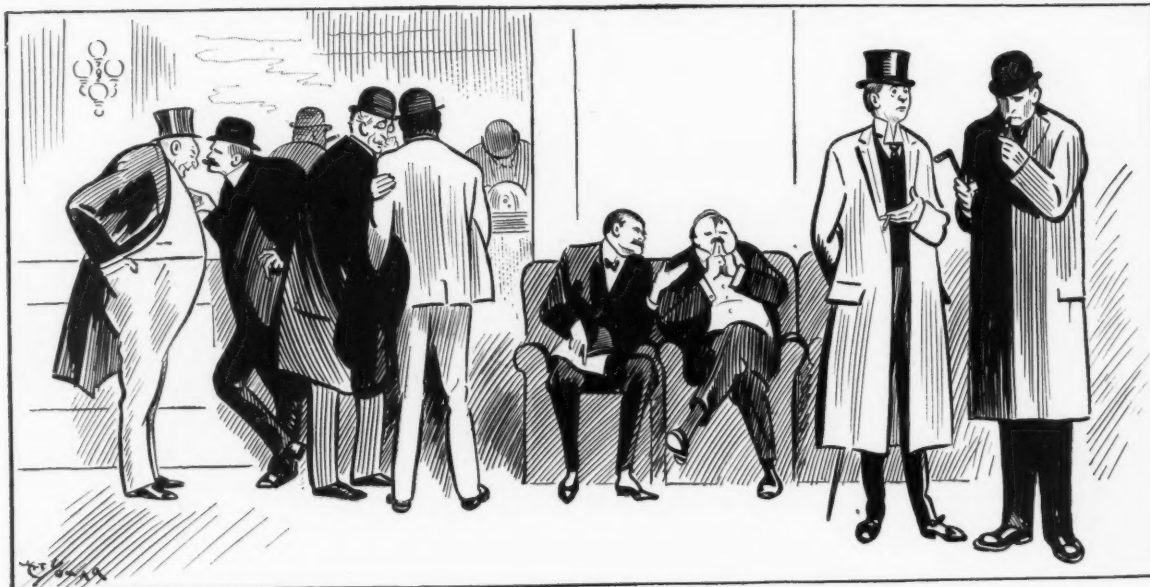
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ATLANTA.

Power.

FOREIGNERS, from De Tocqueville to Bryce, have been struck with the great power which the Federal patronage lodges with the President of these United States, but after all it is a serious question if there is enough of this. Have we, indeed, with all our fancied security, provided sufficient fourth-class post offices to enable the President always to make our destiny appear to Senators with such clarity as shall clinch the fulfillment of the same, regardless of the attitude of vested interests?

Well, we shall soon see.

In the present emergency the lower house of Congress, effacing itself, asking no reward but pork and per diem, franks and free seeds, and the consciousness of duty done, has passed the three great epochal bills, leaving the patronage substantially intact. The Executive knocks at the door of the Senate, figuratively speaking, with his resources all unspent. If he cannot prevail now, then never.

A TIMELY rescue—getting a watch out of pawn.

Upon Being Dodged.

MUSED the man with the process:
 "Now, I wonder why
 A man with ten millions
 Should ever be shy?"

An Example to the World.

A PROMINENT newspaper has lauded to the skies the forbearance of Mr. James L. Ord of Chicago in refusing to thrust King Edward VII. from the throne of England. Claiming descent from Mrs. Fitzherbert, the unacknowledged wife of George IV., Mr. Ord is, in the opinion of the journalist, the rightful monarch of Great Britain, but "as a sensible citizen of the United States, where every man has a right of sovereignty without going to a court of law to prove his claim, he wants no crown, but only just recognition under English law."

There is something very noble about this. It contrasts favorably with the grasping behavior of both Stuarts and Hanoverians. The fact that the "Royal Marriage Act" made the union of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert invalid, does not seem to intrude itself into the question. The soaring journalist, rising to splendid heights of imagination, assures his readers that, had Mrs. Fitzherbert's papers been given to the world a century earlier, they "might have disrupted the British Empire; might, in fact, have planted the



DESIGN FOR A WINDMILL ON A BACHELOR'S ESTATE.



"YOU MUSTN'T KISS ME UNTIL WE ARE FORMALLY ENGAGED."
 "DO YOU ALWAYS INSIST UPON THAT RULE?"
 "I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO."

stars and stripes on the flag-pole of the House of Parliament."

It would be interesting to have this problem worked out, to understand the process by which Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage certificate could have made Great Britain and Ireland colonies of the United States. Conservative Americans will rejoice that these remote islands were not added to our territorial responsibilities. They will also appreciate the generosity of Mr. Ord's present attitude, and be duly impressed when they are told that "with true American chivalry he reveres as sacred the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and is proud of his descent from her; while he looks with loathing upon his kingly great great grandfather, George IV., and spurns any distinction that might be thrust upon him as a scion of that monarch."

Go away, little lion, with your tail between your legs. Your crown isn't wanted in Chicago. *Agnes Repplier.*

The Cultivated Sense.

A PRIMROSE by the river's brim,
 A soul subtly in the secret of the universe, shedding intimations of the ubiquity which is everywhere and the oneness which lies concealed in unity, unconsciously sensing thoughts where-with throb the unmeasured spaces of inanity, its green a glimpse of the invisible, its yellow a vista of transcendency, is to him, And a whole lot more.

"IS there an intellectual set, at Newport?"

"Why, the other day I heard them discussing the deeper trend of thought in *Ainslee's* and *Munsey's*."



WE butt in where we have no business to at frequent intervals nowadays. International law and precedents don't count. We are a world power.—*Boston Herald.*

And the poor old Monroe Doctrine has been clubbed to death by the Big Stick.



If Chauncey Depew feels hurt because the committee says he did not earn his \$20,000 a year, he might try the experiment of giving the money back.—*Chicago News.*

Chauncey is a stand-patter in more ways than one.

A St. Louis man has thrashed a waiter for sneering at a small tip.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

That man would better not come to New York unless he wants a fight with every meal.

Manufacturers of pure foods cannot possibly have any objection to laws punishing the manufacture of impure foods. Such laws will not touch them.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Laws can't touch persons who don't exist.

Iowa has passed a law prohibiting the use of firecrackers on the Fourth of July.—*Rochester Post.*

Good for Iowa. Let's make it a United States law.

The position of a world power is beset with vast responsibilities, and these mean also dangers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

What care we? Haven't we got the Big Stick and The Man to wield it?

Miss Blanche Bates says that "Western diction is purer than Eastern."—*Rochester Post.*

How far West? Pittsburrgrh?

The price of diamonds has advanced rapidly in the last few months.—*Rochester Post.*

There are rumors that the Hotel Clerks' Union is about to make a demand for higher salaries.

One Congressman wants a law to tax the bachelors of the country an amount sufficient to support all the spinsters.—*Washington Star.*

A good law, if it also provided that the spinsters should sew on the buttons and darn the socks of the bachelors.

Eating Limburger cheese, it is said, will prevent smallpox.—*American Spectator.*

So will eating strychnine.

Bearing in mind the well-known fact that responsibility makes men conservative.—*Indianapolis News.*

Except Theodore.

Some things seem created to be wasted.—*Worcester Gazette.*
For instance, the right man's right arm.

Pittsburgh has a boy who cannot stop running once he has started.—*Austin Statesman.*

He can be cured. Make a District Messenger of him.

A twelve-year-old Indian lad has leased some oil land to the Standard Company for \$10,000 in cash and \$100 a week royalty.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Question: How much did the Indian get the worst of it?

The Dowager Queen of Italy is coming to the United States.—*Rochester Post.*

Unfortunately for some expectations, Margherita is a very sensible woman who doesn't like snobs.

William Allen White rebukes Kansas for sending cheap men to the Senate.—*Boston Transcript.*

There's nothing the matter with Kansas. She doesn't want to spoil good material.

The unconscious humor of LIFE delights my soul.—*Boston Transcript.*
Watch out, Mr. *Transcript* man, or LIFE may come around and spank you on the wrist.

A Chicago school teacher got a judgment of \$4,000 against a real estate agent who kissed her.—*Houston Post.*
Sorry his lot.

The time will come when adulterated foods will not be placed upon the market.—*Houston Post.*

It isn't the market that suffers; it's the abused American stomach.

It is impossible to deny that the intervention of missionaries in Chinese local politics and their protection of native converts is one of the chief causes of the anti-foreign attitude of the Chinese officials.—*New York Times.*

Which means trouble—the real mission of the missionary.

"Princess Alice," who is nothing more nor less than a plain American girl, outdid any of the efforts of Queen Victoria.—*Rev. W. B. Leach.*

Queen Victoria lacked the advertising faculty.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST.
VARIABLE WINDS.







From Shakespearian Indians to Polite Comedy.



ALL is not Shakespeare that sounds like Shakespeare. If Mr. W. A. Brady had known this, he would not have bought that literary gold brick recently produced under the title of "The Redskin." It is not meant by this statement to charge Mr. Donald McLaren, the author, with knowingly selling Mr. Brady a literary counterfeit. Mr. McLaren's frame of mind was obvious. He had saturated himself with the archaic expressions and inversions of Shakespeare and then written a play whose language was an imitation of Shakespeare's. As a gilding for baser metal this evidently deceived both Mr. Brady and the author himself. Old acquaintances like "good, my lord," "I' faith," and "good morrow" were lacking, but so many other Shakespearian friends are there that it is not strange that both author and manager took the gilt for gold.

In placing language of the Shakespearian kind in the mouths of American Indians the author produces a peculiar feeling in his auditors. We do not associate our aborigines with that kind of talk. It would have seemed more natural to American ears and far more in character had he taken Longfellow for his model, but Longfellow would hardly have suited Mr. McLaren's introduction of the nurse scene from "Romeo" and bits of "Macbeth." Such lines as *Juliet's* "My only love sprung from my only hate" also sound better in their original Shakespearean even when put in the mouth of an Indian girl than they would if Mr. McLaren had translated them into Longfellow or Fenimore Cooper. On the whole, it is probably better that Mr. McLaren should have kept his Shakespearian borrowings in near-Shakespearian language rather than bother to change them or to find an original mode of expression such as the Indians themselves might have used.



MR. McLAREN'S feelings might be hurt and Mr. Brady might think he was losing something of great literary value, but "The Redskin" would be vastly improved as a play if some of the longer passages were eliminated. They are not valuable for any purpose, they retard the action and they would bore any audience, even more thoughtful ones than those that flock to Broadway sensations.

The play tells a story of Indian love, jealousy, hatred and revenge. The *Iago-Othello* motive is a potent theme, even when Indianized, and supplies one of the main motives. The piece supplies one rather thrilling climax, but as a play it is for the most part dreary and uninteresting.

If the author had done his part as well as Mr. Brady has his, the town might have had a novel dramatic sensation. The manager has given the play an excellent cast, elaborate costumes and a most agreeable scenic setting. The stage pictures are interesting and well-conceived. The Indian may be a difficult subject for dramatic treatment, but when cleaned and idealized a bit he is picturesque and

lends himself to picture-making. Taciturnity was his long suit and therefore he is more available for still life than for extended speeches. Mr. Tyrone Power's *Lonawanda* would have been almost an ideal impersonation if he had been given characteristic lines instead of rhodomontade. Mr. Bruening's *Sheanawaga* and Mr. Arden's *Niatawa* were also good efforts in struggling with the impossible. Katherine Grey's charming *Adulola* was so attractive as to make the life of a squaw-man seem not an altogether undesirable sphere of existence, and as the character is both youthful and feminine, its loquacity did not seem to be so entirely out of drawing.

"The Redskin" is far from final evidence that the aboriginal North American is suitable for dramatic use except in individual instances. As a play it cannot be taken seriously, but it is moderately interesting from the novelty of its material and its picturesqueness.

* * *

MR. BRADY has seen fit to make the production of "The Redskin" the occasion of a violent attack on the dramatic critics of New York. This may be only shrewd advertising, or Mr. Brady may really feel that he has a grievance. In fact, the critics in New York, recognizing Mr. Brady's pluck and enterprise, have been far from harsh with him. His main complaint seems to be that some writers have been flippant in their comments on some hard-working actors and on some performances which had involved labor and expense in their production. Alas, Mr. Brady, this is a flippant age and a material one, in which we are prone to judge more by results than by the amount or intensity of efforts to produce the results. This is true in all walks of life and perhaps more in stage-work than in any other. The critic's work is to judge the results for the information of the public, not to tell the public how hard everybody has worked to produce the results nor to moan in print, if they spell failure. If the critic is flippant in his methods, it is largely because a flippant public wants flippancy. And Mr. Brady ought to know by this time that it is pretty hard to make the public take what it doesn't want. And also, perhaps, he now realizes that an over-sensitive person should not be in the theatrical business as it is conducted to-day.

* * *



MARIE DRESSLER is the mainspring of the new burlesque at Weber's. Her tremendous vitality, her bubbling fun, her utter disregard of the usual feminine ambition to be fascinating or charming, make a combination which puts her in a class by herself. She has compelled us to accept her work as it is, and the very things we would reprehend in another she makes us forgive and laugh at. In this she is like Thérèse whom the fastidious Parisians idolized notwithstanding methods that went far beyond any allowable limitations. The burlesque is called "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West" and travesties

the recent successes of Mr. Belasco and Mr. Royle. Naturally Marie Dressler is *The Girl*, and she finds in it unlimited opportunities for fun-making. A really remarkable performance is given by Mr. Edward J. Connelly in his imitation of Mr. Keenan's now famous *Jack Rance*. It is hard to believe that it is not Mr. Keenan himself who has left The Belasco to come down to aid the merry-making at Weber's. Mr. Joe Weber contents himself with the minor part of a would-be "bad



HIS PRIVATE VIEW.

Mrs. D'Aubrey Brown: WELL, HOW DID THEY HANG YOUR PICTURE?
Mr. D'A. B.: HOW? THEY LYNCHED IT.

man," who is always cut off just before he can realize his wicked intentions.

The new burlesque is really funny and is a valuable improvement to the bill at Weber's.

* * *

MR. LAWRENCE D'ORSAY in a curtain speech delivered at the opening performance in New York of Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Embassy Ball" admitted that he was simply playing himself. It has long been an open secret that both "The Earl of Pawtucket" and the present piece were written by Mr. Thomas about the personality of Mr. D'Orsay, his heavy-dragoon peculiarities being only slightly exaggerated to emphasize the lines and situations adapted to them. Therefore the burden of novelty rests on Mr. Thomas, and in "The Embassy Ball" he has succeeded in giving us almost another "Earl of Pawtucket." The characters are made in almost the same moulds and the fun is supplied in very much the same way. The story is more complex, hinging on what was supposed to be a bicycle permit turning out to be a marriage license and causing no end of

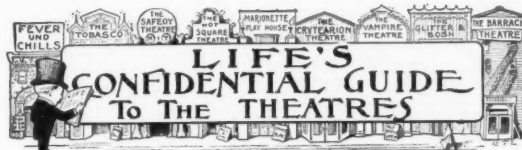
complications. That old Daly favorite, Mr. George Clarke, comes back to New York much changed in appearance and providing in the piece almost as much fun as the star. No one can suggest, however, that Mr. Clarke is only playing himself, as his *Senator Bender* is very different from anything familiar to his New York friends and is a delicious piece of acting. The cast is a good one, the women headed by Miriam Nesbit and Rose Hubbard rising admirably to the opportunities Mr. Thomas has given them.

In "The Embassy Ball" Mr. Thomas has given us a worthy successor to "The Earl of Pawtucket," that is to say, a clean, delightful American comedy. And, strange to say, it is an evening's entertainment without a musical feature or a chorus girl in it.

* * *

LIFE wishes to make a correction—entirely of its own volition and simply not to vary from its standard of truthfulness. In a recent notice in this column it was stated that LIFE was informed on good authority that Mr. George M. Cohan had assumed the name of Cohan for stage purposes, his real name being Costigan. It seems that LIFE's informant, although acting in good faith, was misinformed and that Mr. Cohan's real name is Cohan, the mistake having arisen from the fact that his mother's name was Costigan. It is not a matter of great moment except as affecting LIFE's veracity. In other respects the article was correct.

Metcalfe



Academy of Music.—"The Heart of Maryland." Exciting and emotional drama of the time of the Civil War.

Belasco.—"The Girl of the Golden West." Absorbing, well acted and well mounted play of the early days of California.

Bijou.—"The Music Master." David Warfield and competent cast in delightful contemporaneous comedy.

Broadway.—"The Vanderbilt Cup." Thomas rot in the way of a musical piece.

Casino.—"Happyland." Pleasing and musical comic opera.

Daly's.—"The Embassy Ball." See above.

Empire.—"Peter Pan," with Maude Adams as the star. Barrie's delightful fooling with the myths of child life.

Fields's.—"Julie Bonbon," with Clara Lipman and Mr. Louis Mann in suitable parts. Light and diverting comedy.

Garrick.—Mr. David Gray's "Gallops." Agreeable little play dealing with the life of the hunting set.

Herald Square.—"George Washington, Jr." A nauseating example of what appeals to the vulgar multitude.

Hippodrome.—"A Society Circus" and "The Court of the Golden Fountains." Spectacle and circus on a scale of great and gorgeous magnificence.

Hudson.—"The Duel." Interesting drama translated from the French and well presented.

Knickerbocker.—"Mlle Modiste." Fritz Scheff in amusing light opera by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom.

Liberty.—"The Redskin." See opposite.

Lyric.—"Mexicana." Well staged and tuneful comic opera.

Madison Square.—"The Title Mart." Rather commonplace light comedy.

Princess.—"Brown of Harvard." Fun and sentiment of college life, not badly done.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue.—Stock company in weekly change of bill.

Savoy.—"Mr. Hopkinson." A really funny farce-comedy of English life.

Weber's Theatre.—"Twiddle Twaddle" and a burlesque on the plays at Belasco's and Wallack's. See opposite.

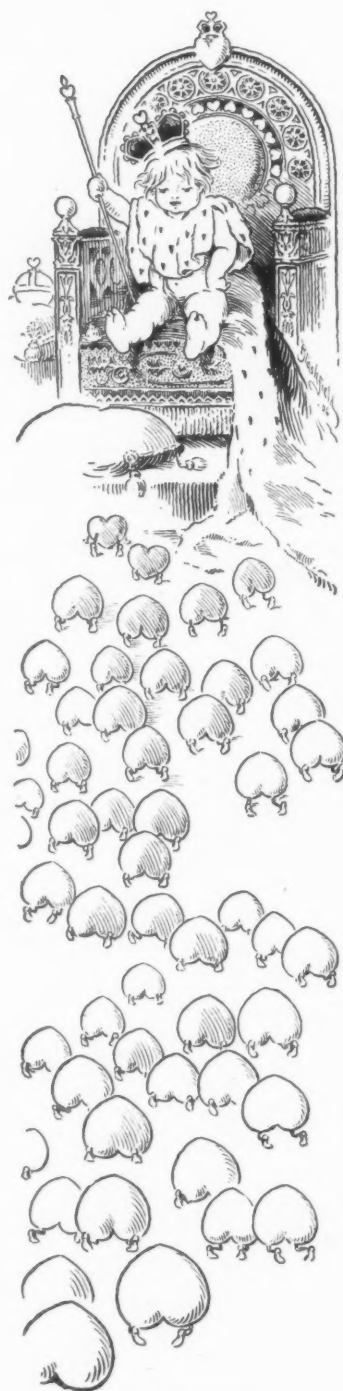


GEORGE MOORE, who at heart is perhaps more essentially an artist than any present English writer, offers us in his latest book, *The Lake*, a delicate and beautiful study, unshadowed by his haunting obsession of morbidity. In popular parlance it would be a misnomer to call the work a novel. It is the history of a mental crisis in which we are concerned only with the character of Father Gogarty, an Irish priest in an isolated parish, and with the letters of a woman whom we never meet. It is the story of an awakening, an "analytical study" triumphantly guiltless of "analysis," in which, by the consummate grouping of meagre outward results, we are shown the whole course of an inward struggle. Finally, if you think yourself of the number who at the end will ask "but did he marry the girl?" be sure that it is not for you.

In that case, however, *The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia* was written especially for you by Florence Morse Kingsley, and written brightly and well. Miss Cynthia is a little New England old maid whose doctor gives her a year to live and whom the news incites to the desecration of family tradition and village convention in the determination to do all the things she has always wanted to do and never dared. We break no confidences in hinting that doctors are sometimes alarmists.

James Outram, the author of *In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies*, is the holder of a rather remarkable record. Of the forty odd peaks of the Canadian Rockies exceeding ten thousand feet in height which have been climbed by man, nearly half have first succumbed to his ice-ax. It is a description of these huge puzzles of icy precipice and crumbling rock that will make the book attractive to all who love the mountains.

The individual verdict upon Miss Myrtle Reed's new book, *At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern*, will depend upon the degree of indifference with which the reader regards an inadequate and



LOYAL SUBJECTS.

anemic plot as compared with a series of amusing character sketches. Miss Reed's gift of hitting off queer old

parties, both pleasant and unpleasant, has never been so lavishly drawn upon as in the company of human oddities that settle themselves upon the young couple of her tale, but the tale itself is the least of her lavender series.

Mr. Harold MacGrath's stories have about them something of the tight-rope. Across a frankly perilous and unlikely situation the author trips debonairly at ease, meeting each threatened loss of equilibrium with the quick balance pole of rippling dialogue. But he is not in form in his latest exhibition, *Hearts and Masks*, a story of uninvited guests at a masquerade. The situation is sufficiently MacGrathian but the balancing is awkward. No doubt a passing indisposition.

The papers published in Thomas Wentworth Higginson's *Part of a Man's Life* come under the head of what might be called "intellectual autobiography." They range from anecdotes to essays; are all, broadly speaking, reminiscent and concern themselves more with ideas than with events. If occasionally rather insistently self-conscious, they are both scholarly and genial; scholarly with the classic precision of an older learning, genial with the courteous formality of an older school. They belong unmistakably to the generation that succeeded the black stock but antedated the negligee shirt.

The hand-book of *Sea Shore Life*, written by Alfred G. Mayer, director of the marine biological laboratory at Tortugas, and published as the first volume of the New York Aquarium nature series, ought to prove quite as handy and valuable at the seaside as the now almost indispensable flower and bird guides do in the fields and woods. It deals with the invertebrates only, is fully illustrated and is written as nearly in English as the exigencies of the case allow. J. B. Kerfoot.

The Lake. By George Moore. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. By Florence Morse Kingsley. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies. By James Outram. (The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.)

At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern. By Myrtle Reed. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Hearts and Masks. By Harold MacGrath. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Part of a Man's Life. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$2.50.)

Sea Shore Life. By Alfred G. Mayer. (A. S. Barnes and Company.)



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HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

• LIFE •



AS TO SALVATION.

You cannot go to Heaven, dear,
In case your legs are bowed.
You couldn't get along, I fear,
The straight and narrow road.

—Yale Record.

WHERE INFORMATION CAME HIGH.

Andrew Jackson S—, appointed Surveyor General of Montana Territory by President Grant, arrived in Helena, the capital, early in the seventies. His military record and his genial manner made him a great favorite with everybody. Towards the end of his term, feeling in duty bound to make a special effort to show his appreciation of the hospitality he had enjoyed, he decided to give a banquet to his Helena friends. He completed his programme for the function, but the providing of the right sort of liquid refreshment worried him somewhat. Finally, deciding upon champagne frappé as the proper thing, but in doubt how to prepare it, he remembered an old war comrade, Colonel C—, who had always shown himself an expert in supplying good cheer at headquarters on festive occasions. Knowing the latter's address, he wired him as follows:

"HELENA, MONTANA, 187—.

"Colonel C—, — Street, New York.

"Wire me your receipt for making champagne frappé? Answer paid.

(Sig.) "A. J. S—."

In due time came the reply:

"NEW YORK, 187—.

"General A. J. S—, Helena, Montana.

"Freeze it, you d—d fool.

(Sig.) "C—."

Telegraph tolls were rather high in Montana in those days, and the information cost just \$5.50.—*Harper's Weekly.*

INUENDO.

GRAYCE: They say that Mabel never in the slightest degree forgets herself.

GLADYS: And that's quite remarkable, too. There's so much of her that might easily become misplaced.—*Exchange.*

"The rolling stone gathers no moss," quoted the man who had never been outside his home county.

"True," rejoined the globe trotter, "but it acquires an enviable polish."—*Chicago Daily News.*

WISDOM OF A WAITER.

GUEST (in restaurant): Bring me a Welsh rarebit, a broiled lobster, a bottle of imported ale and a piece of mince pie.

WAITER: Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir?

GUEST: What for?

WAITER: As a sort of alibi for the house to show the Coroner, sir.—*Chicago News.*



A SADDLE-LIGHT.

RELATIVE NECESSITIES.

"Is it necessary to inclose stamps?" asked the poet.

"More necessary, even, than to inclose poetry," responded the editor.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

HIX: I don't believe half our rich men know when they are well off.

DIX: Where did you get that idea?

"At the court house. I was down there this morning looking over the tax lists."—*Chicago Daily News.*

A CHILD COULD UNDERSTAND IT.

"The paper says underground wireless is the latest development in telegraphy. What is underground wireless?"

"Just the same as overhead wireless; only in the one, the wires they don't string they don't string overhead, and in the other, the wires they don't use they don't lay under ground."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I knew it must be something like that."—*Kansas City Times.*

ALL A MATTER OF DOUBT, ANYWAY.

A young man from the South who, a few years ago, was so fortunate as to be enabled to enter the law offices of a well-known New York firm, was first entrusted with a very simple case. He was asked by the late James C. Carter, then a member of the firm, to give an opinion in writing. When this was submitted, it was observed by Mr. Carter that, with the touching confidence of a neophyte, the young Southerner had begun with the expression, "I am clearly of opinion."

When this caught his eye, he smiled, and said:

"My dear young friend, never state that you are clearly of opinion on a law point. The most you can hope to discover is the preponderance of the doubt."—*Success.*

A KANSAS woman, Mrs. A. J. Stanley, of Lincoln, has been awarded a prize of \$250 by a Boston firm for the best answer to the question, "What constitutes success?" She wrote: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."—*Kansas City Independent.*

A CERTAIN prosy preacher recently gave an endless discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath, and continued: "Now I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention, the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor prophets and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?" At this point a tall man arose in the back of the church. "Jeremiah can have my place," he said; "I'm going home."—*The Argonaut.*

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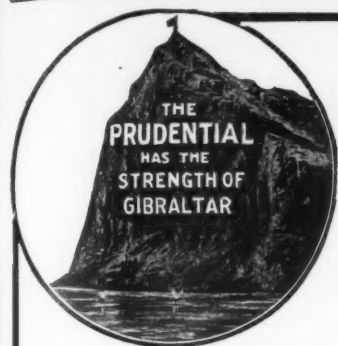
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Admiral Togo's Signal

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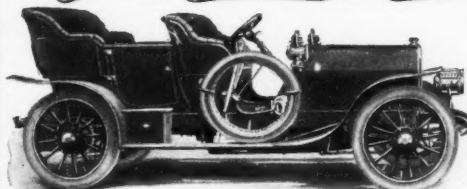
The best material is used in the Stearns Car, both foreign and American; more time is spent finishing it than on any other car (whatever country makes it) and that by Americans, the most skillful mechanics in the world. But these expenses are warranted only by the highest refinement of design.

Note the shackles on the front springs of a Stearns Car and learn what they mean in safe steering. See how perfectly the engine, transmission and frame are designed for each other (with the vibration-absorbing wood filler-blocks). The forging that assembles the spring and mud guard, and brace rod in one frame attachment is alone a proof of the infinite care in detail of designing in the car that shows no afterthoughts—the Stearns.

Consider this design, material and workmanship: by what process could any maker, anywhere, produce a better car? Where is another so made?

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Ask for the
brewery's bottling

MILWAUKEE



DOGS.

After these instances how tame seems the rivalry of two wealthy men of New York for blue ribbons at the recent dog show! One of them offered \$20,000 by cable for a famous London collie, to be sent him in time for the show. Yet a collie is happiest not when lined up with a hundred others at a bench show, but when racing the snow-beaten hills to round up a few silly sheep, all for love of a shepherd who never owned ten thousand cents at a time.

Humble friends of man, dogs are all generosity and all service. No sane man ever starved to death while watching a dog's dead body, as the dog immortalized in Scott's "Hielvellyn" did for his master. And no dog would ever object to the burial in a dog cemetery of a good man who loved dogs, as men in Louisville, Ky., are objecting by legal process to the burial in Cave Hill Cemetery of Billy, which once saved several lives by running up a railroad track with a red lantern to stop a train when the watchman was disabled."—*New York World*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

COULDN'T SEE IT.

POET: There is that exquisite creature, Miss Pearlina, over there. Unlock for me the door of hope by introducing me to that mixture of woman and angel!

PRACTICAL FRIEND: Can't do it, my boy; don't know the combination.—*Baltimore American*.

MISS SMITH (*decidedly plain*): Are you an admirer of beauty, Mr. Brown?

MR. BROWN (*inspired by a desire to be polite*): Really, Miss Smith, if I did like beauty—I—er—couldn't be ungallant enough to say so.—*Exchange*.

"Why does all the world love a lover?"

"Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "it flatters our vanity to observe people who are in love and think how much more sensible we are by comparison."—*Washington Star*.

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An enterprising saloonkeeper in South Baltimore has a price list behind his bar which reads as follows:

"— whiskey, 15 cents.

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"Whiskey slightly damaged by water, 5 cents."—*Baltimore Sun*.

THE MODERN WAY.

"What! Wed such a parvenu!" exclaimed the proud beauty.

"He has millions," responded her social mentor. "And, remember, you need not associate with him after you are married."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

HOW CURIOUS.

Snow has long been extinct in the New England States. Ancient records show that we used to produce snow in great abundance. Snow is frozen water.

It is white and looks a good deal like cotton. It falls from the sky like rain, but is not. Snow began to disappear from local territory during the open winter of 1906.—*Boston Post*.

GOLFERS should take YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE at luncheon and supper. It builds up.—*Adv.*

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Salt Lake City, Utah

Stayed Home Next Night.

OF course, it would probably not suit every occasion, but the peculiar dose which was administered to a Mexico City man the other night has caused him to begin leading a distinctly new life, and the men at the club who have always liked him because he was such a good fellow are mourning the loss of their best story-teller, while the steward is sadly wondering what he will do for entries now that the man is off his list.

It came about this way. The man, although a good fellow and well liked, managed to evade the women until he was steered against a widow, who won him hands down in three months. For a time he was one of the model men of the city, and all the young married women held him up as a *Ladies' Home Journal* sample of manhood, but later he began staying out after 10 o'clock and finally became so bold and hardened to feminine scoldings and pleadings that he had been known to barely get home in time for breakfast.

The other morning at 3 o'clock he turned the corner leading to his home and was surprised to see a light in the window. Thinking that his wife might be sick, or that something else equally as terrible might have happened, he quickened his step and burst into the door to find his wife sitting in the parlor dressed in black.

"What's the matter, dear?" he murmured, all out of breath.

"Oh, nothing," was the calm reply. "I'm just mourning for my late husband."—*Mexican Herald.*

Discovered.

"YES, she is pretty and sweet, but she has no accomplishments."

"No?"

"No; she can neither play the piano, sing, nor dance."

"Great Scott! How does she pass her time?"

"Oh, she's a regular kitchen mechanic; she does all the cooking and housework at home."

"Holy smoke! Introduce me, quick!"
—*Houston Post.*

MR. D. PIAZZEK, the grain man, is firmly of the opinion that the fates have it in for him, and are working twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four in an endeavor to humiliate him.

"It's no use," he sadly protested to some friends the other day; "I can't lift the hoodoo. Take my golf playing, for instance. Nine times out of ten I miss the ball when driving off from the first tee out at the Elm Ridge Club. And every one of those nine times I look around and find the veranda lined with people, all possessed of large eyes that look like porcelain plaques on a plate fail. The tenth time, however, I hit the ball, I knock it to a speck. Then I turn proudly around, my chest swelling with pride. And there's not a single soul on the veranda. Everybody has just gone in."—*Kansas City Independent.*



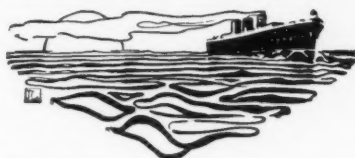
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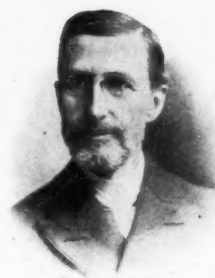
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J. C. and the Waits.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN was leaving High-bury one New Year's Eve to call upon a friend, and after adjusting the well-known astrachan collar about his chin he was fixing the familiar monocle in the light, satiric eye. As he did so he turned it on a group of men about the porch who were staring unusually hard at him considering he was "among his own people," as he says himself. "Are you a deputation?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the reply, "we are the waits."

"The what?"

"The waits. We've been playing here, sir, every night for the past three weeks, and now we've come—er—" Here the spokesman paused.

"Well?" said the great man in seeming impatience.

"Fact is, sir, we've come—"

"Oh, I understand," said Mr. Chamberlain cheerfully, "you've come to apologize." Needless to say he gave the jest a golden lining. —*The Tatler.*

Racial Discrimination.

A SMALL French-Italian coasting-steamer was proceeding on its way. The passengers were of various nationalities; English, American, French, Italians, and one large German. Most of the male passengers were gathered in the smoking-room, when the steward appeared at the door, and with a bow announced: "Dinner, it is serve!"

The English and American contingent arose and started toward the dining-saloon. The steward seeing that his announcement had not been understood by all, continued: "Messieurs, c'est servi!" and as a portion of the passengers still remained seated: "Il pranzo é servito!"

The French and Italians followed the English and Americans, leaving the large German in solitary state.

"Gott in Himmel!" he muttered, hungrily. "Is it dot no German mans gets somethings to eat on dis boat, hein?" —*Harper's Weekly.*

PROF. BARRETT WENDELL, of Harvard, was describing at a banquet the absent-minded men he had met. "We had once at Cambridge," he said, "a very absent-minded Latin instructor. This gentleman would walk the streets with an open book before his face, and every one had to get out of his way, as though he had been blind. It is said of him that one spring day, as he was walking in the outskirts of Cambridge with his usual open book, he stumbled against a cow, and before he had time to collect his thoughts, mechanically took off his hat and murmured, 'Madam, I beg your pardon.' Then he perceived his mistake and continued on his way reading as before. Half a mile further on he collided with a young lady, whereupon, in an angry tone of voice he said: 'Is that you again, you brute?'" —*Boston Herald.*

THERE is no danger of dyspepsia for those who drink YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE.—*Adv.*

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Nothing Doing.

AN author who makes a specialty of stories of "our great middle West," with a heart-throb in each, tells of an odd character he met in that region. This old chap, who afterwards served the author as the main figure of a book that was largely successful, lived alone in a cabin. Woman's acre being, of course, unknown, the cabin presented the

spectacle of the triumphant reign of dirt and disorder.

Somehow the two chanced to talk of cooking and cooking utensils. "I had one of them cook-books wunst," observed the old fellow, "but I couldn't do nawthin' with it."

"What was the trouble?" asked the author. "Why, everything in the book began with, 'First take a clean dish.'"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Interest Aroused.

"I COULD die for you!" he cried.

"You don't say," retorted the girl, indifferently.

"And," he continued, "my life is insured for \$25,000."

"I am yours!" she cried, "till death."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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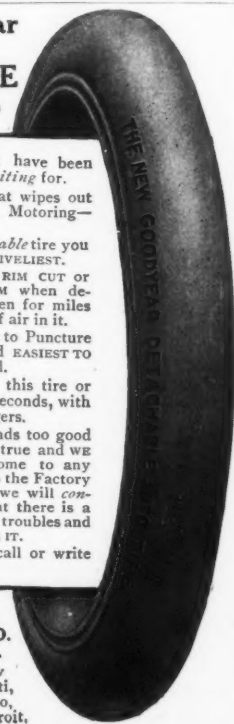
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"Unseen, Unseen."

SECRETARY SHAW recently told a story on Representative Smith of Iowa when the latter was a fledgling attorney and anxious to make a reputation for himself. A prisoner was brought before the bar in the Criminal Court in Iowa, but he was not represented by a lawyer.

"Where is your lawyer?" inquired the Judge who presided.

"I have none," responded the prisoner.

"Why haven't you?"

"Haven't any money to pay a lawyer."

"Do you want a lawyer?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, your honor."

"There is Mr. Walter I. Smith, John Brown, George Green," said the Judge, pointing to a lot of young attorneys who were about the court waiting for something to turn up, "and Mr. Alexander is out in the corridor."

The prisoner eyed the budding attorneys in the court room and after a critical survey stroked his chin and said, "Well, I guess I will take Mr. Alexander."—*St. Paul Pioneer-Post.*

Figurative.

"I'M up a tree," admitted the bolting Senator, "but my back is to the wall and I'll die in the last ditch, going down with flags flying, and from the mountain top of Democracy, hurling defiance at the foe, soar on the wings of triumph, regardless of the party lash that barks at my heels."

He looked up as though he meant it, too.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"ARE you a friend to William Bliggins?" "That ne'er-do-well? I should think not, indeed!"

"Then you'll hardly be interested to hear that he has inherited a hundred thousand pounds."

"What? Dear old Bill!"—*Exchange.*

An Honest Man—New School.

CASSIUS R. PECK, Assistant United States District Attorney of Oklahoma, at a banquet in Guthrie recently spoke on honesty. One thing he said was this:

"What are we coming to? Are we coming to such a pass that our ideas of an honest man will correspond with the idea of old Hiram Stroode?"

"Hiram Stroode, for the seventh time, was about to fail. He called in an expert accountant to disentangle his books. The accountant, after two days' work, announced to Hiram that he would be able to pay his creditors four cents on the dollar.

"At this news the old man looked vexed.

"Heretofore," he said, frowning, 'I have always paid 10 cents on the dollar.'

"A virtuous and benevolent expression spread over his face.

"And I will do so now," he resumed. 'I will make up the difference out of my own pocket.'"
—*New York Tribune.*

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Good Legal Sense.

"It is as much conspiracy," Mr. Justice Fitzgerald says, "to agree to do lawful acts by unlawful means as it is to agree to do unlawful acts, and, tested by the character of the act contemplated, the agreement becomes often of itself the unlawful means." Of course, the Theatrical Trust has a right to appeal from this decision of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, first to the appellate division of the Supreme Court and from there to the Court of Appeals. It may be, of course, that the trust will win and Mr. Metcalfe will lose on the final decision.

Meanwhile, it is in place to note that to most laymen Mr. Justice Fitzgerald's decision is certainly equitable and ought to be good law if it is not. The distinction drawn by the learned justice is one whose applicability to the affairs of ordinary life we all recognize. Almost everybody has some store in which he or she will not trade for personal reasons. Such person also has a right to explain to any friends why patronage is withheld from a given store. But when this goes a little further and the person, who refuses patronage, starts out to divert all possible business from the store and, perhaps, enlists a sufficient number of friends in that purpose, appreciably to interfere in the business of that store, then almost any of us would say that the limit of personal preference or prejudice had been passed, and that a conspiracy had been formed to put the store "out of business."

Should the law, as here laid down in the case of the Theatrical Trust, be sustained on appeal that decision will come pretty near to deciding most boycott cases. The gist of the wrong done by the boycott is exactly stated by Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, when he said as quoted above: "It is as much a conspiracy to agree to do lawful acts by unlawful means as it is to agree to do unlawful acts."—*Waterbury American*.

PROF. M. E. JAFFA, of the University of California, is conducting at Oakland a series of experiments with the object of increasing the laying power of the hen. Prof. Jaffa has already secured some remarkable laying records. In discussing these records he said the other day: "Cleanliness is a prime factor in successful chicken farming. Keep the runs clean, dry, cheerful, and your hens will do their duty by you nobly. In fact, to make hens lay well it is almost necessary to carry neatness to the finicky point—to be as finicky as the old lady with the aquarium. The old lady did not merely keep the aquarium neat—the glass spotless, the stones at the bottom snowy—but it was said of her that every Saturday night she took the fish out and gave them a bath."—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

"YES, his delicacy of touch is quite marvelous."

"Ah, a pianist?"

"No, a society journalist."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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New York.

At the 'Phone.

MR. MIGGLES was trying to call up a friend who lived in a suburban town. Mr. Miggles looked up the number, then got central.

"Hello!" he said. "Give me Elmdale two-ought-four-seven."

"Elmdale? I'll give you the long distance?"

Long distance asked, "What is it?"

"Elmdale two-ought-four-seven."

"Elmdale two-ought-four-seven?"

"Yes."

"What is your number?"

"I just told you. Elmdale two-ought—"

"I mean your own house number."

"Sixty-five Blicken street."

"Oh, that isn't what I mean. Your 'phone number."

"Why didn't you say so?" asked Mr. Miggles, who is noted for his quick temper.

"I did. What is it?"

"Violet Park eight-seven-seven."

"Violet Park eight-double-seven?"

"I reckon so."

"And what number do you want?"

"Elmdale two-ought-four-seven."

"What is your name?"

"My name is John Henry Miggles. I live at 65 Blicken street, Violet Park; my house 'phone is Violet Park eight-seven-seven, or eight-double-seven, as you choose; I am married, have no children; we keep a dog, and a cat, and a perpetual palm, and a Boston fern, and—"

"All that is unnecessary. sir. We merely—"

"and last summer we didn't have a bit of luck with our roses; I tried to have a little garden, too, but the neighbors' chickens got away with that; the house is green, with red gables; there is a cement walk from the street; I am 40 years old; my wife is younger, and looks it; we have a piano; keep a cook and an upstairs girl; had the front bedroom papered last week and I want to—"

"Did you want Elmhurst two-ought-four-seven?"

"Yes!" gasped Mr. Miggles.

"Well, the circuit is busy now. Please call again."

But Mr. Miggles wrote a letter.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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ITS
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A Judge of Tea.

A CERTAIN suburban gentleman, who is somewhat of a gourmet, discovered one day that his wife was giving him tea at 1s. 4d. to drink. Although he had never made any complaints about the quality of the tea, no sooner did he discover the price than he detected all sorts of shortcomings in the article supplied, and when he went down to business that morning he dropped into a tea store and bought a pound of orange pekoe at 3s. 6d. This he carried home in the night, and, taking the opportunity of the kitchen being empty, he hunted round till he found the tea-caddy, which was nearly full. The contents of this he threw away and replaced out of his own pocket. It had not been his intention to say anything about the substitution, but next morning he could not help referring to the improved quality of the beverage.

"This is something like tea, this morning," he said. "Don't you notice the difference?"

"No, I don't," said his wife. "It tastes to me exactly like the tea we have been drinking for the last month, and so it should, for it is the same tea."

The husband laughed.

"That's just like a woman," he said. "You never know what is good and what isn't unless we tell you. Now, I could have told you with my eyes shut that this tea is better than what we have been drinking."

"It is a pity you haven't been drinking with your eyes shut all along," retorted the lady. "Anyway, it is the same tea."

"Now I'll just prove to you," said her husband, "how defective a woman's sense of taste is. Yesterday I bought a pound of 3s. 6d. tea, threw out what was in the caddy, and put mine in its place. And to think that you never noticed the difference!"

"Which caddy did you empty?"

"One on the upper shelf of the pantry," was the reply.

"I thought so," said the lady quietly: "That was some special tea I keep for special occasions. The caddy with the cheap tea is in the cupboard in the kitchen; and this," she added, with an exasperating smile, as she lifted the teapot, "was made out of the self-same caddy as it has been every morning. What a blessing it must be to you to possess such a cultivated taste! I have heard that tea-tasters get very high salaries. Now, why don't you—"

But he cut her remarks short by leaving the room.—*Exchange.*

Might Have Known Better.

"HOW did you come to propose to me?" asked the widow, coyly.

"I didn't come to propose to you," replied her visitor, dazedly; "I came merely to spend the evening."—*Houston Post.*

Her Ultimatum.

"I MIGHT have married a dozen better men than you!" said Mrs. Shekawgo, vindictively. "And what's more, I'm going to do it, too!"—*Cleveland Leader.*



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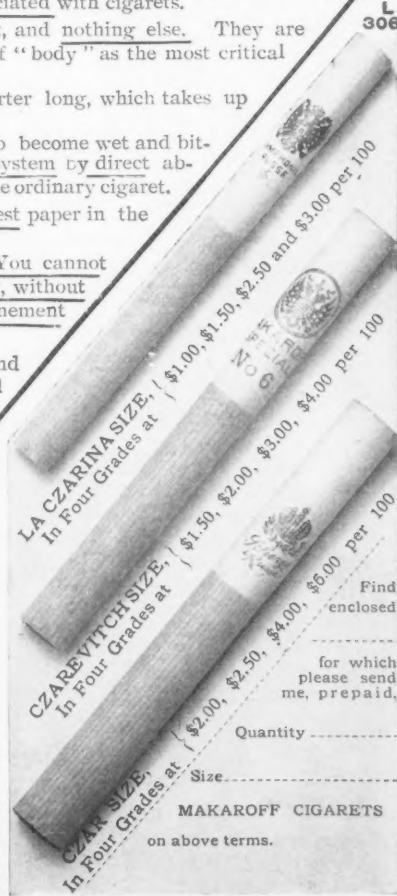
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